The Liberalist

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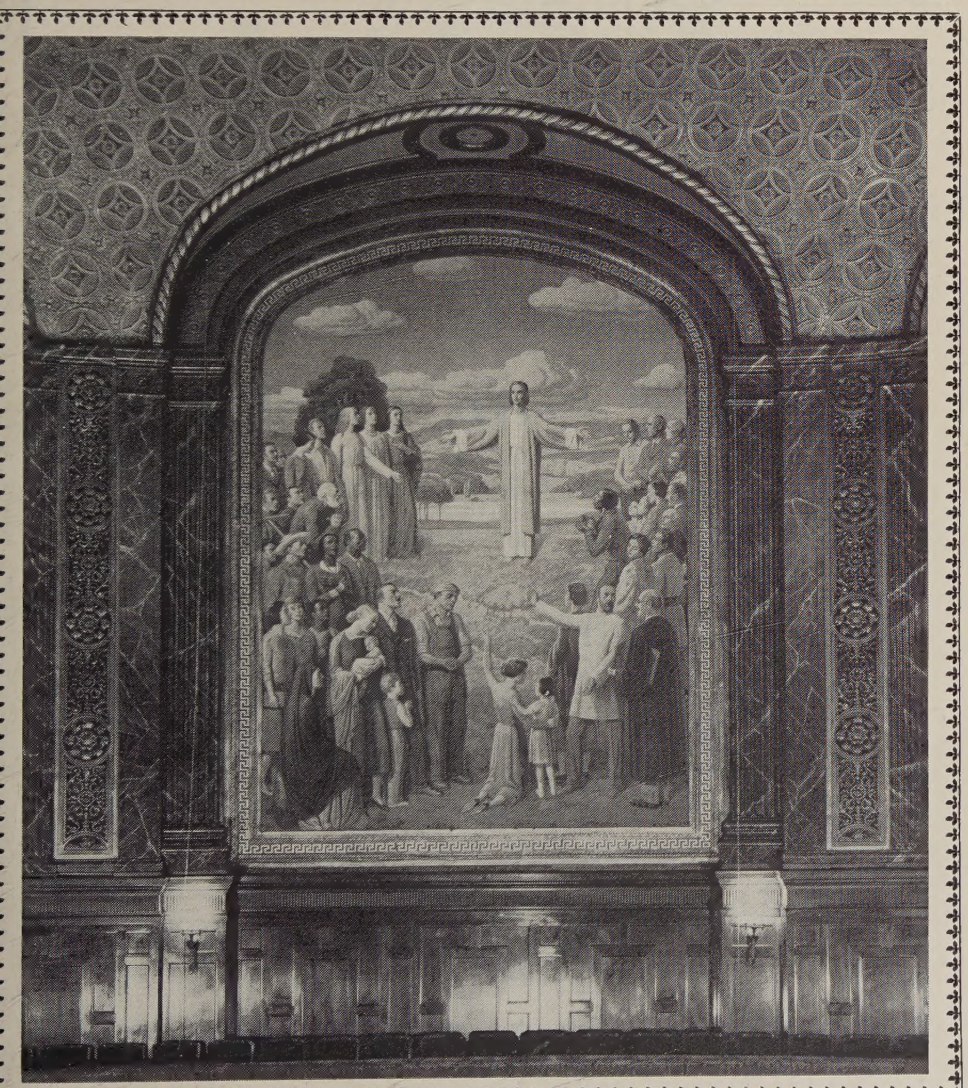


The Edgewater Beach Hotel

5300 Sheridan Road

Phone—Longbeach 1-6000

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

7:00 p.m.—FM Radio Station WEBH

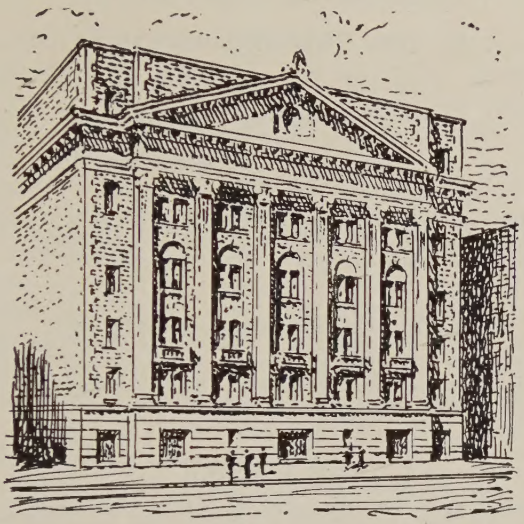
is now broadcasting the SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES

of

THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH

This is the first time in the thirty-four year history of the Sunday Evening Services that these services have been broadcast. If you have an FM radio, won't you "listen in" on Sunday night and let Dr. Bradley know what you think of this broadcast. Just drop a post card or letter to

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO 40, ILLINOIS.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

New Wealth For You—$1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

48th EASTER SEASON

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

In the Peoples Church

Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

• • •

11 a.m.

Sunday, April 3—"Christianity: Form or Force?"
Sunday, April 10—PALM SUNDAY: "Hail and Farewell"
(Sunday Evening Subjects will be announced weekly.)

• • •

Wednesday Evening—8:00 p.m.

Wednesday, March 30—"What I Believe About God"
Wednesday, April 6—"What I Believe About the Bible"
Wednesday, April 13—"What I Believe About Jesus"

• • •

HOLY WEEK

Erlanger Theatre—127 N. Clark St. (Loop)

12:10 to 12:40 p.m.

Theme: "Christ and Creative Living"

Monday, April 11—"Christ and Hope"
Tuesday April 12—"Christ and Faith"
Wednesday, April 13—"Christ and Truth"
Thursday, April 14—"Christ and Love"
Friday, April 15—"Christ and Suffering"

In the Peoples Church

8:00 p.m.

Thursday, April 14—Communion Service
Friday, April 15—"Christ and Suffering"

• • •

EASTER

In the Peoples Church

Sunday, April 17, 1960

9:00 a.m.—"Consecration"
(New Members Received and Christenings)
11:00 a.m.—"The Life Indestructible"
5:00 p.m.—"The Life Beautiful"
7:00 p.m.—"My Hope Grows Stronger"

Rev. Virgil Kraft, Assoc. Pastor, assisting at all services.

• • •

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTS

11:00 a.m.—WLS—Sunday Morning Service
5:45 p.m.—WCFL—Vesper Broadcast
7:00 p.m.—WEBH-FM-93.9—Sunday Evening Service

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Tuesday, 23rd February

THE day for which we have long planned has arrived. It invariably happens that on the day on which I leave Chicago there is always an engagement. Today, at 2:00 o'clock, I addressed the Hamilton Park Woman's Club meeting in Hamilton Park Club House. I made my first address to this Club in 1914 and have spoken to them quite regularly through the years. I enjoyed the occasion and particularly the renewal of old friendships. However, all the time there was some anxiety about making the train.

June left for school at 8:00 o'clock this morning, dressed as she would travel. I took all the baggage with me. Mrs. Harry D. Stone, the able President of our Woman's Club, kindly offered to pick up June at Hawthorne School and take her directly to the train, as she taught up to 3:00 o'clock. I arrived at the train first and had all the baggage in the compartment when June arrived. At 4:30 we were on the 20th Century bound for New York. Goodbyes were said, and the first day of our pre-Easter vacation had begun.

Wednesday, 24th February

A day and a night in New York is always an exhilarating experience. On arrival this morning we went directly to the Hotel Commodore, where we were soon comfortably located in our room. After lunch we took a long walk up Forty-Second Street to Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street and back by way of Madison Avenue.

We wanted to attend the theatre tonight but had no reservations. Mr. Joe Rogers, a former member of our Uptown Players and now a resident of New York City, had dinner with us and it was on his recommendation that we went to see the play, "Five Finger Exercise," with Jessica Tandy and Roland Culver. Mr. Rogers said it was the finest play in New York. He is an habitual "First Nighter" and is familiar with all of the New York theatres. I was particularly interested in this play because it is directed by Sir John Guilgud. I haven't space to discuss the play here, but it was great theatre in every sense of the word. Afterward we went over on Broadway for a snack and then back to our hotel.

The weather was quite cold in New York today and we are already looking forward to the sunshine of the West Indies.

Thursday, 25th February

I awakened early this morning, as is my habit when the day has unusual significance. Today is sailing day and the beginning of eighteen days in which our home will be the "Mauretania" of the Cunard Line. I read until 7:00 o'clock, then we packed and had breakfast by eight. We could embark any time after 8:30 and the sooner I get on a ship on sailing day the better I like it. I like to go aboard as early as possible, unpack and get settled in the room and then be free to go out on deck and watch the sailing.

We were delightfully surprised to find in our room Ed and Erna Turner awaiting us. They had come in from their home in New Jersey to see us sail. We have travelled with them before on this same trip and keep up a most pleasant correspondence during the year. Mr. Turner has retired and Irma continues her hobby of operating a travel bureau. They have recently

returned from the Mediterranean. Later William Froelich, who had recently returned from a trip around the world and who, when living in Chicago, was often in our church, joined us to say goodbye. He is writing a book on some of his adventures.

Precisely at 11:00 the ship's siren blew, we bade goodbye to our friends, and in a few moments our beautiful and comfortable ship slowly backed away from the pier out into the North River and we were on our way. The "United States" and the "America" were in dock and the "Hanseatic" sailed at the same time. It was very cold but not cold enough to keep us inside. We wanted to watch the traffic on the Hudson and see again the Statue of Liberty. Sailing from New York I never leave the deck until we have reached the Ambrose Lightship. Turning south from the Ambrose Lightship, the sea became very rough. We are now in the open Atlantic.

One of the interesting things about these cruises is the number of people who go year after year on the same ship. I don't think any ship has such loyal and devoted patrons as the "Mauretania." We have met people since coming aboard who have taken this cruise as many as ten times. One of the most loyal and devoted people who take the cruise annually is one of our finest Chicagoans, Mr. J. C. Hemphill. He is a Chicago Industrialist and interested in the cultural life of our city as well as being prominent in its business life. We met him personally during the year in Chicago. The old cliche, "the life of the party," is no more applicable to anyone I know than it is to the one we call affectionately "J. C." He is a genial host and at gatherings aboard ship entertains at the piano and I think he remembers every song that has been written and popularized in America in the past. His countenance beams with the joy which he gives to others. He participates in the ship's life and is one of the most popular people aboard the "Mauretania." June and I hope as the trip progresses we will see him often, for to be in his presence is an inspiration. We are pleased he is a Chicagoan.

This evening after dinner we went to hear Watterson Lowe, who is one of this world's most interesting men, lecture upon some phase of the West Indies. Probably there is no one who is more of an authority on the West Indies than Mr. Lowe. He has been traveling in this part of the world for many, many years. As a lecturer he has great charm and ability and a sense of humor which is always a delight. I could spend this whole article on Watterson Lowe. To know him is to admire him. His many lectures on the countries to be visited and his advice to those who are interested in buying is invaluable, while his contribution to the social events always assures a success. One of the pleasures which we look forward to on this trip is our daily meeting and chatting with Mr. Lowe.

Tonight we are back in our room S19 on the sun deck, this being our second cruise in the same room. It was like coming home.

Friday, 26th February

The ship pitched all night long but it didn't bother us. I retired about 11:00 o'clock and read until about one in the morning. The motion of the ship was pleasant.

This afternoon as we went further south it became warmer and the sea settled down. It was quite rough off Cape Hatteras, but we knew warmer and pleasanter weather was just ahead. I was on deck this morning early and

saw the dawn break over the Atlantic and watched myriads of flying fish and swiftly moving clouds. There were weather indications that we would soon be in sunshine and more balmy breezes.

Tonight those of us who are to eat together at the same table for the eighteen days, met for the first time. There is always a little anxiety as to whom one's table companions will be; how congenial they will become and how pleasant it will be to be together. I am certain that we are most fortunate on this cruise, but can speak more authoritatively as the days go by.

We are always honored to sit at the Chief Engineer's table, but more significantly it means the renewal of a friendship which has become very dear to us both in the person of Chief Engineer T. E. Williams, with whom we have traveled many an ocean mile, and whose lovely family we have met in Southampton. Chief Engineer Williams is a personality: a great reader, tremendously interested in history, travel and literature. As a marine engineer he has an enviable reputation.

This evening at 7:00 o'clock the people at our table were invited to his room for a get-together. There we were presented to Dr. and Mrs. Henry Catleen, of Lausanne, Switzerland, whom we found most interesting and charming. Dr. Catleen is a Professor of Economics and is well known in Switzerland. I look forward to visiting with him throughout the cruise.

Sharing our table for this trip are Mr. and Mrs. William V. Carver, of Madison, Connecticut; Dr. Goodwin A. Distler of New York City; Mr. Charles W. Marlow, of Elizabeth, New Jersey and Mrs. Walter Lyon, of Akron, Ohio. When you meet your table companions for the first time there is always a little feeling of restraint, reserve, and probably of analytical appraisal, but having had the first meal at our table, we both agreed and were enthusiastic tonight over the people with whom we will sit down for eighteen days.

Saturday, 27th February

The further south we go, the smoother the sea. I was up at dawn and saw the coast of some of the Bahama Islands in the distance. We came up to within about two miles of the coast, when the pilot came aboard and a tender came alongside. Because of the weather, our Captain decided not to anchor and all day long, while we were in Nassau, the ship slowly circled.

We went ashore after breakfast and visited a few interesting places, including the Governor General's Palace. We came back to the ship for luncheon today and remained aboard until we sailed. Some of the passengers went to Paradise Beach, one of the most famous beaches in the West Indies, for a swim.

It was quite cool in Nassau today and rained slightly. The Bahamas are not one of my favorite spots. They are flat, sandy and low-lying, but like so much of this part of the world have an ideal climate. We sail tonight at 11:00 o'clock.

While we were in Nassau today we met Mr. Louis Cohn, whom we often hear in our radio work and who is a brother of Mr. Harry X. Cole, the well-known Chicago attorney.

In New York I picked up C. F. Lewis' new book on "The World's Last Night," which I have begun reading.

Our Chief Engineer's daughter was married today in Southampton, and tonight our table decided to present the Chief with a monetary gift that he might buy her a wedding present on his return to Southampton in May.

He was touched with our thoughtfulness and I could not help but read his thoughts. Although he had his great responsibility on this ship and was many miles away from his loved ones, he was thinking of his daughter today. We asked him to secure a present and present it to her from us, in appreciation of her father.

Sunday, 28th February

My first thought on awakening this morning was of our own beloved church and all day long I have had it on my heart. At 11:00 o'clock Chicago time I was thinking of the service, and across the miles could hear the opening notes of our traditional processional. This is our first Sunday at sea and it has been a perfect day. The skies have been cloudless and the waters reflected the blue of the skies and a refreshing breeze brought just enough sea to give the ship a restful motion.

Members of the Rotary Club on the ship held a meeting this morning and invited me to speak. There were Rotarians from Michigan, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Illinois, New York, Ohio and several other places.

At 11:00 o'clock we attended the service on the ship. On these cruises a Roman Catholic Chaplain is always provided and our Roman Catholic friends have daily Mass, but the Anglicans and Protestants on the ship all meet on Sunday morning for their service. It has been a tradition during the more than one hundred years of the history of the Cunard Line, that every ship flying the Cunard flag, at 11:00 o'clock on Sunday morning must hold a divine service. There is no sermon, but the Captain reads the Anglican service, which contains a prayer for the Queen and the President of the United States.

Our service this morning was conducted by our distinguished Captain, D. M. MacLean, D.S.C., R.D., R.N.R., and the Staff Captain, D. J. Brenn, R.D., R.N.R. The dignity of the service is impressive. As many of the Navigation Officers and the Engineering Staff as possible attend.

Monday, 29th February

I was up at dawn, peering over the sea to catch my first glimpse of the Virgin Islands. There was a strong breeze, but a lovely warm day. By 7:00 o'clock we were at anchor at Charlotte Amalie, capital of the Virgin Islands. We were all day amid the beauty of mountains and sea. We went ashore and visited the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul and walked around the busy harbor.

Tonight a party was given for old-time passengers where we had the opportunity of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Al McCann, who have a daily radio program on WOR, New York City, which they broadcast from their home every morning. We hope to know them better as the trip proceeds. On our first meeting tonight we were deeply impressed.

The news came over the BBC today that our Captain, Captain MacLean, had been made the Commodore of the Cunard line, which means he will sail the largest ship afloat, the "Queen Elizabeth," after he brings the "Mauretania" back to New York City. The whole ship is honored at having for its Captain the Commodore of the fleet.

Tuesday, 1st March

Had a lovely sail to Martinique, French West Indies. I was up early, watching the coast line of the island, high mountains and an excellent harbor. We stayed on deck until we anchored and by ten this morning we

went ashore. It was very hot in Martinique.

Imagine our pleasant surprise when, walking along the street we met Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hicks of our church and the Pick-Congress Hotel. I knew they were on a cruise in the West Indies and knew they were on the "Italia," but I never expected to meet them in Fort du France. Our two ships were anchored not too far away. We dropped into a little place where we had altogether too short a visit. Mr. Hicks. you will recall, donated our beautiful mural and is one of the most faithful in attendance at our services. We wished we were on the same cruise ship, for one could have no more delightful companions.

Fort du France is an historic city, the birthplace of Josephine, the wife of Napoleon.

We went back to the ship for lunch today, and because of the heat June did not care to go back ashore; so I returned on the launch and spent the afternoon in Fort du France. I wanted to go back because today is Shrove Tuesday and tomorrow the Lenten Season begins. Martinique is almost entirely Roman Catholic and, like in so many West Indian and South American places, a great festival is held on Shrove Tuesday. I wanted to see the parade, the people, the floats, the picturesque costumes and the masks. They are a very clean, kindly people and the carnival atmosphere increased as the afternoon wore on. The men, women and children were all dressed in brilliant hues, there was music, and singing, parading and marching. They are fine looking people and a happy people. I noticed several among the marchers who were religious fanatics and were carrying banners which indicated their fanatical fervor. Evidently some of the fanatical religious attitudes which we have at home have been at work among these people. The whole affair was most dramatic. They seemed like children in their enthusiasm and expressions, as they danced and sang. The air was filled with a spirit of festivity and joy. There was no drunkenness nor any misdemeanors of any kind that I could see as I mingled with the crowd. Everyone was in a holiday mood.

Wednesday, 2nd March

Today is Ash Wednesday and, for the world of Christendom, the beginning of the Lenten Season. This morning at 8:00 o'clock we arrived at Barbados, the British West Indies. Here is one of the finest harbors, filled with many ships of various kinds and from many ports, all most picturesque and fascinating.

We went ashore at 10:00 o'clock and took a taxi to Lord's Castle, our favorite spot on this island. Driving through small villages and acres of sugar cane, we arrived at this historic castle, where we had lunch. The castle was planned and built one hundred years ago by the Caribbean buccaneer, Samuel Lord. It stands on a high terrace, overlooking the boundless Atlantic. The bedrooms of the castle and its two gate houses are most spacious. Some have balconies and all have private baths. There is a total of only seventeen bedrooms.

Located near Lord's Castle is Codrington College. I had heard a great deal about this college and I wanted to visit it.

The college is named after Christopher Codrington, born in 1668, and who died in 1710, and whose family was long identified with the Barbados. He was sent to England for his education, graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, and was elected Fellow of All Souls in 1690, at the early age of

twenty-two. Besides being learned in languages, classical and modern, in literature, history, divinity, logic and physics, he was a poet, in Latin and English, and an accomplished dancer and horseman. For his distinguished services William III appointed him to succeed his father, at the age of thirty, as General and Commander-in-Chief of the Leeward Islands in 1697. He retired to scholarly seclusion at his birth place on Barbados. Here he took up his studies again and in the dark brilliance of the tropic night he would talk for hours with his friend, the Reverend William Gordon. Never wholly recovering his health, he died at the age of 42 on Good Friday, 1710. He was buried at St. Michael's, Bridgetown, but was re-interred six years later in the Chapel of All Souls, Oxford, where, in accordance with his wishes, a plain slab with the one word, "Codrington," marks his grave. He left his books and a handsome endowment for the building of a library at All Souls, where there is now a statue of him.

His most permanent memorial is Codrington College. No spot in the West Indies could have been selected better adapted for the site of the college. The level plateau is three hundred and twenty feet above the sea, on which the handsome stone mansion of Codrington's was built. Within a mile of the seashore, fronting northeast on the windward coast, fourteen miles from the town and harbor of Bridgetown, it is remote, secluded, restful and faces full to the health-giving tradewinds borne over three thousand miles of ocean. A long avenue of palms leads to the college entrance at the southwest, some of these over one hundred feet, surviving the hurricane of 1831.

I spent most of the afternoon today at Codrington College. I met some of the faculty and students. Here in this college young Negroes are being trained for the priesthood in the Anglican Church. The college is conducted by the Community of the Resurrection, an Anglican Order under the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, which is responsible for the training of priests in England and South Africa as well as here in the Province of the West Indies. We made some beautiful pictures of Codrington College which I hope to show sometime in the church.

(I will continue in the next issue of the Liberalist.)

Keep looking up!

PAINE AND TODAY

FEBRUARY 21, 1960

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley
Pastor of Peoples Church of Chicago

TOMORROW the entire nation observes the anniversary of the birth of our first President, George Washington, February 22nd. When George Washington dissolved the Continental Army at the close of the successful Revolutionary War he sent a prayer to every member of that Army. That prayer is the basis for the establishment of Brotherhood Sunday, and for the observance of Brotherhood Week. It is appropriate that the week should begin with recognizing the birthday of Washington. This is the prayer which George Washington wrote

(*Continued on page* 12)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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NEARLY every day of my life I meet someone who will say to me: How do you keep from becoming a little despondent now and then? How do you keep disillusionment from setting in? Well, I have been lecturing, broadcasting, preaching for fifty years, and when one looks at the world today, perhaps he might well say to me, "Aren't you disillusioned?"

To those who are inclined to look on the black side of things and get themselves into a state of despondency, one of the first cures is to fill your mind and heart full to overflowing with the triumphant truth that you are in a universe where good, and fineness, and truth, righteousness and honor are finally going to win; they are going to win in your life, in my life.

Every life listening to me has within it the faculty of triumph and victory; never let go of that idea for a moment. You were designed for something fine and something good. Nothing is final. Not a thing you have ever done is final, so no matter what is over your shoulder or back there in your life, get it out of the way—don't let it tyrannize over you.

Failure is often but another word for success. In Europe I have stood in the presence of that great canvas, "The Angelus," one of the most beautiful of all the works of art. Do you know when Millet painted "The Angelus"? When he could not get enough money together to go to the bedside of his dying mother. His mother died asking for him, but he could not go to her side. Right in the midst of that tragedy of his life, out of the creative genius of his soul, he gave the world that bit of beauty.

In his book "Human Destiny," Lecomte du Nouy says: "Let every man remember the destiny of mankind is incomparable and that it depends greatly on his will to collaborate in the transcendent task. . . . Let him remember that his own dignity, his nobility as a human being, must emerge from his efforts to liberate himself from his bondage and to obey his deepest aspirations. And let him above all never forget that the divine spark is in him, in him alone, and that he is free to disregard it, to kill it, or to come closer to God by showing his eagerness to work with Him and for Him."

(*Continued from page* 10)

in Seventeen Hundred and Eighty-Three and gave to the members of our Armed Forces of the Revolutionary War:

"Almighty God we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large."

One of the personalities who shared with General Washington in the formative years of this Republic is one of the most maligned, persecuted and lied about men that ever existed in American public life, and there have been many! I speak of Thomas Paine. Thomas Paine has had a bruised and damaged reputation through our entire history because he did not and could not accept the orthodox conception of religion. Thereby he was named an atheist, which he never was! Thereby he has been accused of being a "filthy little atheist," as Theodore Roosevelt once called him. Thomas Paine was neither "filthy" nor was he an "atheist," and he was a taller man than was Theodore Roosevelt, but when Theodore Roosevelt called him a "filthy little atheist," he caused this epitaph to remain in the minds of a great many people.

Thomas Paine was born in Thetford, England of Quaker parents and very early in his life received the inspiration and environments of a spiritually sensitive people. That sensitivity remained with him during his entire lifetime. His father was a weaver, and he himself worked as a staymaker in the early days of his life. At the time Thomas Paine was born in England no Jew could vote! Voting was denied every member of the Jewish race! At the same time, they were taxed! This immediately aroused in Thomas Paine a revolt, which any person who believes in justice has no difficulty in sharing and recognizing. He was the first man to ever use the phrase: "Taxation without representation is unjust!" And Thomas Paine used that phrase before he ever came to the American Colonies! One day he met, in a coffee house, Benjamin Franklin. Benjamin Franklin was thirty years older than Thomas Paine, and when Thomas Paine explained to Benjamin Franklin his reaction about taxation without representation, Mr. Franklin gave him the advice, "Young man, you belong in the Colonies!"

It was not long until Thomas Paine came to the American Colonies. In that formative, creative period he observed, he studied. His sensitivity to unfairness only sharpened and deepened, and then he wrote his first book, a book called "Common Sense!" I wish every person in America would read that book today! I am convinced there isn't anything which America needs (and you will pardon the bromidic phrase, it has become a cliche) but the thing which America, I think, needs today more than it needs anything else is common sense! Just plain, old-fashioned, every day common sense! And when that common sense is undergirded by a basic sense of honesty, you win! Common sense and honesty, and you lay the foundation for integrity of Government and perpetuity of freedom! Thomas Paine knew that! He became in that formative period an intimate friend of Thomas Jefferson. He had more to do with writing the Declaration of Independence than any man in our Colonial history except Thomas Jefferson, and they made the first draft together.

Thomas Paine was the first man to ever use the phrase "United States of America"! That phrase was first used

by Thomas Paine, United States of America! After the consummation of the Revolutionary War the fires of injustice were burning in his soul and heart and he went to France, and he became the leading spirit for the French Revolution and shook the thrones of the Bourbons of France! He saw the French Revolution straight through, and on Bastille Day, when the Bastille fell, it was Thomas Paine who was credited with being the primary cause of the success of the fall of the Bastille. General Lafayette (a great name in American history), presented Thomas Paine with the keys of the Bastille, and if you will visit Mount Vernon you will see the keys to the Bastille of France which were presented by Thomas Paine to George Washington, who prized them very highly indeed! That revolution in France resulted in the hysteria of wanting to kill the King of France and wanting to annihilate all the royalties and the Bourbons, and Thomas Paine raised his voice in protest. He said, "We will kill the King, but we will not kill the man!" And his moderation in that moment brought him the enmity of his co-patriots in the Revolution, and he was imprisoned by the very revolutionists he successfully worked with! After imprisonment, the return to the Colonies, the recognition by the Colonies.

For his contribution to American liberty and freedom, the University of Pennsylvania conferred upon Thomas Paine an honorary doctorate, and the Government gave him a home, a little farm, near New Rochelle, New York, where he retired in the last years of his life. Then he wrote the book called "The Crisis," which was his second book. The first sentence of "The Crisis" is that familiar phrase: "These are the times that try men's souls!" Is there any sentence more apropos or highly descriptive of this hour in the history of the world: These are the times that try men's souls! That is the first sentence in Thomas Paine's book, "The Crisis."

While in jail he wrote the book that damned him; damned him because his fine intellect rose above the mythology of institutionalized and historic religion; damned him because of the integrity of his own mind; damned him because he could not accept that which passed for Christianity in much of organized Christianity, and he wrote the book, "Appeal to Reason." For that book, "Appeal to Reason," he has received almost the complete silence of the historians who have written the history of America and American freedom. It is always dangerous to think out of the rut anywhere along the line! It's dangerous to think independently in education, in religion, in government! It is much easier to "go with the crowd" and accept the standard of the mob! Popularity is the twin devil which, with fear and superstition, deviates the souls and hearts of men. With all this Thomas Paine had nothing to do, and he wrote the "Appeal to Reason," and it has gone on unanswered to this day! Quite the contrary, the best minds, the finest philosophers, the best logicians, the best psychologists and the best theologians of the modern era of thought are all acknowledging that the "Appeal to Reason" was a contribution to religious freedom. There in that farm he died, and there he was buried.

Then England called. As so frequently happens they'll crucify a man while he lives and then they'll build him a monument three hundreds years after he's dead! That has always been the attitude of the public! Always! And England said: "We want the body of

Thomas Paine! He was born here." And he was dug up and that leaden casket was sent to England and he was entombed there.

Then France awakened and said: "He brought freedom and liberty to France. We want his body to rest by the side of Voltaire and Joseph Ernest Renan in the Pantheon. And when I stood in the Pantheon in the City of Paris a few months ago I envisaged this great moment, for they shipped Thomas Paine's body and when the leaden casket was opened it was empty, and no one today knows where he rests! There is a rumor that his skull is in the British Museum. I have tried to find it there—I doubt that very much!

Wherever his body rests; wherever the word democracy or freedom is used, there lives Thomas Paine, the man who said, "The world is my country, to do good is my religion. There is only one God, and there is no religion higher than truth!" I honor his memory! Now may something of that spirit of adventuresomeness and of clarity of thought and of consecration to the ideals and hopes of men be in our hearts in these tremulous times for freedom and love.

SHARE A LIBERALIST

Holley M. Shepherd, Andover-Harvard Theological Library, Harvard Divinity School, Cambridge 38, Mass., would like to receive Liberalists soon after we have read them. If unsealed, the rate per Liberalist is three cents in this country, or four cents abroad. For two Liberalists in one mailing the rate would be five cents in this country, six cents abroad.

BOOK CHATS

BONGANGA; The Extraordinary Adventures of a Young Missionary Doctor in the Belgian Congo, by Sylvia and Peter Duncan, published by William Morrow and Company. I should like to think that every one of our readers would buy the book I have just listed and read it from cover to cover. I said "buy it" rather than borrow it from the library, because then you might lend it to a friend, and thus spread the story in its entirety.

I wasn't sure I wanted to read *Bonganga,* when I first picked it up. I had read a book regarding a missionary doctor in South America, and "Wouldn't this be much the same?"

I am very glad I decided to read this story. It truly is an adventure story, but oh, so much more! It is an adventure in great love and service, and in scientific achievement and progress for many thousands of people.

Bonganga was a student many years ago at King's College Hospital; then House Surgeon. Cecil Wakeley, of 73 Portland Place, London, W. 1, says of Bonganga: "There are few medical men in the world today who have so wide a range of qualifications as those Bonganga possesses, for not only is he an M.D. of the University of London but he holds the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, the highest surgical qualification it is

possible to obtain. Not content with this he is a member of the Royal College of Physicians of London which is the highest qualification in medicine it is possible to obtain. After a brilliant postgraduate period he set out for the Belgian Congo where he has been working as a medical missionary for over twenty years. He was awarded Chevalier de l'Ordre Royal du Lion by the King of the Belgians for his services.

"His life in the Congo has been full of interest and there cannot have been a dull moment. It is fascinating to read how he has dealt with the primitive tribes which still inhabit the vast forests of this part of Africa. The story is a progressive one where many diseases such as malaria, yaws, and yellow fever have been overcome during his stay in the Congo, and leprosy is now yielding to treatment. It is difficult for people living in England to appreciate the difficulties and the trials which Bonganga has undergone in his work."

We arrive at the Baptist Mission Station at Yakusu, in the very heart of Africa, as this young doctor arrives, and we live through twenty years of his life—a life of constant emergencies, of imminent dangers, difficulties seemingly insurmountable, yet with courage, faith, kindness and love he has never faltered. Not only has he never hesitated in the face of obstacles which would have discouraged any but the most consecrated individual, he has from the start chosen the most difficult problems as his goal—the conquest over leprosy and as the book closes he is struggling with extermination of the cause of river blindness.

Why do I wish people would read this book? Why did I enjoy reading it? For one thing, I was taken into undiscovered territory as far as my experience went. I realized with vivid intensity the enormity of the service those who enter into this work are giving. I had more than respect—almost a reverence for these unselfish workers who carried health and hope and a new outlook on life to these people—our brothers, whether we will realize it or not—in the Congo. For the first time in my life I had respect for the work of missionaries, because I had a greater understanding of all the implications of their work. When I had thought of missionaries as merely trying to make a foreign race accept our God in the place of their God or Gods, I could achieve no enthusiasm for their work. Now, as I saw reverent devotion to making very sick bodies well and healthy, unclean people made into clean and self-respecting people, uneducated people being educated and being found worthy of being educated, ungrateful people being instilled with an understanding and appreciation of gratitude; as I realized as never before the truth of "cleanliness is next to Godliness"; as I walked and worked with these selfless souls who were so devoted to their idea of God's work that they would give their very lives in making the jungle forest a sanitary place to live, rooting out the disease known as "yaws," struggling to clear the race of leprosy and of river blindness, now I could see what it meant to be a medical missionary; what it meant to influence others, sisters, wives, husbands, to undertake this work; and regardless of the particular name of the Protestant group, or other group, undertaking such a work, with the great success in education, both medical and academic, I feel only admiration, respect, and reverence for their noble selflessness; and I feel very unworthy as far as anything I have done in my life of a worthwhile character. Here are people who have not

only gone the extra mile; they have gone all the way!

It is an education; it is an adventurous experience; it is a spiritual experience to read *Bonganga*. It has all the interest of a novel, an adventure story and a biography of several lives. The stories of the various infirmiers or internes is in itself of great interest; of the healed leper who chose to stay on and help the others because he, having felt the stigma, could better encourage them; of the one who made of himself a human guinea pig for experiments. Yes, we sure-and-safe Americans should read this book. Did I tell you that Bonganga is the word for doctor in the Lokele language?

Bonganga's own name is not used throughout the book because of his own wish. So many have worked at Yakusu Mission that they must all have credit. So in the back of the book is a list of 95 names of those who have served at Yakusu. The list begins with Harry White, under the date 1895, who had been captured by cannibals near Yakusu not so many years before Bonganga arrived. They had captured White, tied him to a tree, kindled a fire to roast him alive, prodded him playfully with their spears. Round and round the imprisoned man they danced, shrieking with glee, anticipating the feast. Suddenly, with a commanding gesture, one man stopped the celebration, and called the others round him. "This white man has a charm which he carries in his pocket." Excitement was changed to awe. They could not kill the man while he carried a charm for fear of its vengeance. Cautiously one of the cannibals approached the captive. He cocked his ear carefully toward White's coat pocket, and leapt with alarm. The charm was there. He could hear it.

Quickly the bonds were untied. Shaking with shock, Harry White stumbled to his canoe, where petrified paddlers were still waiting to take him across the Congo. On the way, he took out his watch to see how long his ordeal had lasted. The cannibals fled in terror. This was the charm to which White owed his life.

Under 1898 appears the name Miss P. Grenfell. One of the little boats used in traveling on the river was named the "Grenfell." We come to the year 1936 and here appears the name of Dr. S. G. Browne, and there being no final year after his name, it is supposed he is still there, and this reader tied his name up with Bonganga. Read Bonganga!

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

THE use of bunnies and eggs in celebrating Easter is one of mankind's most ancient holiday customs. It is quite remarkable how the ancient peoples, though often far removed from each other, decided that the egg was the symbol to indicate the beginning of life. The Gauls, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews are but a few of those who

believed the egg to hold the mystery of life.

Easter, as a time of feasting and celebration, goes back to antiquity. Many believe it was started by the first celebration of the vernal equinox. This was the birth of spring and the original New Year's Day. The Persians celebrated the new year with a "Feast of the Eggs," and the Jews used colored eggs to celebrate their Passover, held on the first full moon of spring.

The Christians gave the egg a slightly different meaning, and colored it red. The early Christians regarded the egg in the light of a prison tomb from which new life escaped. The color red was used to denote the blood of Christ.

The Easter rabbit survives from an ancient Egyptian custom. Hares were born with both eyes open, and were therefore sacred to the "open-eyed" moon. Easter or the ancient New Year was associated with the moon's orbit, and therefore the hare was a natural symbol. In Norse mythology, the hare was sacred to Eostre, the goddess of life and spring. Easter got its name from this goddess and the hare was firmly established in northern European festivities. The idea of hares laying Easter eggs is believed to be a later German innovation.

In America the hare has become a rabbit, or Easter bunny, an error for which the candymakers are probably responsible.

Then there is the Easter hat! Don't criticize the little woman for her fancy Easter bonnet. Wearing hats as a decoration can't be blamed on the women. According to The World Book Encyclopedia the modern custom of wearing hats for ornamentation dates back to ancient times, and history points the finger of guilt at the men.

Dignitaries of Egypt wore a helmet cap of wool, which rose high above the head. Just as a Dache hat or a Schiaparelli today proclaims its wearer to be a member of the "upper crust," so the symbols worn on these old Egyptian hats heralded the wearer's rank.

It was centuries later before hats for women appeared, but the Egyptian women made the most of their elaborate wigs, bands and ribbons. Not until the Middle Ages did the touch of the feminine hand in headdresses become visible. Although the little cap was now worn by women as well as men, the ladies preferred elaborate flowing head draperies, covered with spangles and jewels.

When the hood came in style, however, the ladies lost their newly found leadership in fashions for the head. Both sexes took to the hood, but the men were not content with the slight variations worn by their ladies. Under their influence the peak of the hood grew to an exaggerated length, and was arranged in many fancy ways. Some medieval dandies wore the peak hanging at the back, others twisted it around the crown, with the shortened end tucked through the coils so that it dangled fetchingly over one ear. The peaks were sometimes pleated, scalloped, and coiled.

It was about the 14th century when the ladies really began to come into their own. Trying to outdo anything that had been done thus far, the feminine fashion leaders of the world produced the "hennin" and the "escoffion."

The great hennin was a high, cone-shaped cap worn on the back of the head, adorned with veiling from ten to twelve feet long. The escoffion was a kind of twin-horned arrangement, decorated with little flags, veils, or whisks of fringe. Over all this was draped the large veil of silk or gauze. Each horn of this medieval monstrosity

was often a yard or more in length. I remember seeing just this type of headdress in a medieval parade in northeastern Switzerland, about eight or nine years ago, at the 150th anniversary of the birth of Switzerland.

According to all this, our modern Easter hats are quite tame, are they not?

* * *

Eastertime seems a lovely time to favor ourselves with some poetry. This is one by Thora Hinshaw Seaton (of 1613 Harvard St. N.W., Washington, D.C.)

WHEN POEMS ARE PRAYERS

When poems are prayers,
They sing! they sway!
Time to rejoice,
Another day!
The winds blow free upon your face
And little children kneel in grace,
The springtime of the year has come,
And every season gathers home.
You feel God in the thoughts you touch
And humankind in all you clutch,
And as the ferns and flowers grow
His Wondrous Presence is below!
Then let the earth forget its cares,
And mind the stars,
When poems are prayers!

* * *

Dr. Bradley's friend, Waldemar Argow, minister of the First Unitarian Church of Toledo, Ohio, sends the church bulletin, The Toledo Unitarian, regularly. Recently we noted this very lovely thought which Rev. Argow had written in it.

Perfect Days

Every man has known a few perfect days in his life. This was one such day. Since dawn a southwest wind had blown the blue, cold waters of the Gulf of Maine onto the rocks and almost in at the cabin door only a few feet behind those rocks. Down the sunlit channel of the Porcupines green, pine-clad islands breasted the rolling swells of the open sea. Overhead the sky was as bright and clear as the first morning of the world and the only clouds upon the horizon of my life that day were soft, white, friendly ones whose single purpose was to make a blue sky bluer.

All day I drank that beauty in. And yet all day I thought, as a man will when confronted with such loveliness, "If only this would last! If only this were mine, not for this hour alone, but for my life."

For beauty has its melancholy aspect too, since a man knows that perfect days must end and that tomorrow's dawn may be a bleak and barren one.

But then I thought, "This day is mine—forever! I will keep it alive in memory so that its sun will never set and its fair winds may blow unceasingly."

Thus can a man carry with him the recollection of the perfect days he has known, and then his skies will be shining bright even though rain is falling and all the world seems gray and cold.

Waldemar Argow.

Our members will remember the fine sermons which the Rev. Mr. Argow has preached from Dr. Bradley's pulpit. It seemed to me that "Perfect Days" was akin to poetry, with its exquisite description, and it's nice to begin thinking about bright days even though the snow keeps persisting . . . can spring be far behind?

* * *

So many have asked for a copy of these lines of Thomas Moore:

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,

The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark when I roam in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee.

* * *

And now for the Mail Bag:

Dear Doctor:

I heard the premiere on WEBH—a marvelous presentation! The evening service, I have said, should have been broadcast years ago. Good luck, and —advertise it!

Cordially,
William Russell Smith.

* * *

Robert V. Cramer, Director of Publicity for Millikin University, at Decatur, Illinois, wrote:

"Enclosed is a copy of a release sent to your local newspaper concerning a Millikin student from your church."

Here is the release:

Tom Foerster, son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Foerster of 3731 North Sawyer, has been named recipient of the annual ecumenical work camp scholarship by Millikin University in Decatur.

The scholarship is awarded each year to a student for study in Europe during the summer. Funds are raised by the annual Campus Chest Week at Millikin, during which the students sponsor a carnival, dance and added projects. A special feature of the campaign this year was the jazz concert featuring Bob Scobey and his Frisco Jazz Band.

Tom is a sophomore at Millikin majoring in pre-medicine. He is a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity and is serving as its secretary.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Foerster are very active in our church and in the Sunday School and our members will be happy to read of their son Tom's success and good fortune.

* * *

Judge Alfred O. Erickson, a former judge of the Municipal Court of Chicago, now 90 years of age, a friend of Dr. Bradley's for more than forty years, wrote the following letter, after hearing Dr. Bradley address the Swedish Club, at their Herring Breakfast:

Dear Old Friend:

Returning from the delightful breakfast Sunday I sat silently, solemnly and reverently, soliloquizing and reflecting, who in all America can take the measure of our world-renowned man-of-the-cloth, Dr. Preston Bradley? The whole audience, like always, seemed to be sitting spellbound at your forceful, trenchant, eloquent dissertation on patriotism, Americanism and good government. And how sorely it is needed. No make-believe, no pretense, no affectation—just the plain, grim truth. Would that all true Americans could have heard you!

What a gift: A true, logical and richly-stored mind, robustness of reason and an unconquerable will to achieve; rhythmic mobility, and such a fine, resonant voice, literally re-echoing all over huge spaces.

Performances such as yours, form a firm independence of character, and serve to bring out the bold features of individuality. Like light and shade produce the most attractive parts of a picture, so do your marvelous achievements appeal to the imagination and challenge the admiration of all men and women who give thought and consideration to the nobility and genuineness of a real American and man-of-the-cloth.

Dr. Bradley, there is this lamentable feature about your service to God and country in this sinful world. The great

multitudes who stay at home, taking advantage of your eloquent sermons, seem to think they have thereby done their duty to God. They say to me: "I have done my duty today—I tuned in and heard Dr. Bradley's most colorful sermon." But when I retort: "You don't have to help pay for his subsistence and the upkeep of the church then." Then they keep mum. A shame.

Doctor, in closing, I am most gratefuly to Hilding Anderson for the privilege of being invited to his great, illuminating party, and to you for the very flowery tribute you paid me. I did not deserve it, but, nevertheless, it served as a welcome message as I am turning 90 years February 23. How you can tap from the ever-flowing fountain of fine emotions, and how the fellows complimented me on your tribute. Yes, "Bell was never hung betwixt lips where swung so grand a tongue."

With best wishes for your continued progress and with sentiments of profound respect and admiration, I remain

Ever your friend,

Alfred O. Erickson.

I am sure many of our readers will echo my sentiments, when I say: "If I can write as fine a letter as that when I am 90, I shall be happy indeed, and proud."

* * *

Mrs. Victor Anderson, of Wilmette, Illinois, sent this little verse clipped from a magazine. It's early to think of your garden, but it's an encouraging thought, too:

The Garden of Your Business

First, plant four rows of peas:
Presence, promptness, preparation,
and perseverance.

Then plant five rows of lettuce:
Let us obey rules and regulations.
Let us be true to our obligations.
Let us be faithful to duty.
Let us be loyal and unselfish.
Let us love one another.

No garden is complete without turnips:
Turn up for meetings.
Turn up with a smile.
Turn up with new ideas.
Turn up with determination to make everything count for something good and worth while.

* * *

Adolph Gross, of Columbia, Missouri, wrote in December of how a loop service of our church during the foregoing Lenten Season had inspired him and his brother.

Dear Doctor Bradley:

Greetings! We left your service at the theatre last Spring, inspired to go to our attorney's office and contract to buy the property now known as Candle Light Lodge. Enclosed is a brochure on this home for the aged, a new concept for our blessed senior citizens. We can report only miracles in its operation.

After many years of going to a nice church, singing hymns and listening to speeches, called sermons, we suddenly discovered that if we would serve God, we must serve men. Now the Gross brothers thank God for this awakening.

You may know of some who would like to join our retirement family. We purpose to add years to their life—more important, life to their years.

Herewith a small check for your work and God bless you always.

Sincerely,

Adolph Gross.

P.S. Call if we can be helpful.

The picture of the modern, beautiful building on the letterhead of Candle Light Lodge, at Friendship Acres, Columbia, Mo., is very inviting. On their letterhead they say "Retirement in utmost comfort—with tender understanding care."

How many undertakings have been the result of inspiration from Dr.

Bradley's sermons and addresses! It was nice to hear of this one.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This is just a note of thanks for your attendance at the Melvin Jones birthday party at the Sherman Hotel on Tuesday.

I know that Melvin appreciated your being there and we wanted you to know that we appreciated your taking the time to attend the luncheon.

With kindest personal regards and best wishes.

Sincerely,

Harry J. Cooper,
Director of Public Relations,
Lions International.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

On behalf of the Rabbi and the congregation, I wish to thank you for the honor bestowed upon the New Israel congregation at our Friday night service by your presence as guest speaker.

The response and comment of the congregation to your speech and your oratorical ability was overwhelming. We hope that we will again have the privilege of having you as our guest speaker at our services in the not too distant future.

Sincerely,

New Israel Congregation,
Jay I. Rosenberg, President.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Knowing your fondness for the written (and spoken) word, I am taking the liberty of sending you this short poem, one that I think especially appropriate for a pulpit from which come so many truly universal teachings.

Mr. Posteuca, the author of these lines as they were written in the original Roumanian language, is a resident of Canada. He is considered one of the outstanding living Roumanian poets, both in and out of his land of birth. He left Roumania in 1941, spent several years in Buchenwald, then upon his release from that horror camp roamed throughout Europe before coming to Canada in 1950, unable to return to his family in Roumania because of the Russian occupation. He has not seen his wife and two children for nineteen years. His mother was sent to Siberia along with many others. The fact that he can still write such lines as these is, to me, definite proof of the indomitability of the human spirit deeply rooted in faith.

Because he does not write in English, Mr. Posteuca has authorized me to translate his works. As you well know, no translation can do full justice to the original, but I'm sure you will agree that the sentiments expressed transcend any language barriers.

Respectfully yours,

Eli Popa.

PRAYER

By V. Posteuca

Teach me to ask no favors more of Thee,
To hold my silence in humility,
And as I kneel, wayworn and travel-stained,
To recognize the fate for me ordained.

Declare me worthy to ignite the deep,
Like Spring bestirring buds from Winter's sleep,
And there to read in syllables unwrit
The incandescence of the Infinite.

If by my presence should I dim Thy light
Through word or deed unworthy in Thy sight,
Then make a sign and cast me out at once
To carve another cross for my affronts.

Caught in my poverty as in a vise,
Grant me the peace that leads to paradise,
And let me honor Thee in my small way
By writing GOD in earthly dust this day.

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FEBRUARY

1—Worked in Study
2—Worked in Study.
3—Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
4—Attended Luncheon.
Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Sick calls.
5—Address. Luncheon of Mother's Club, Wilson Ave. YMCA.
6—Three weddings.
7—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Address. Annual Breakfast, Swedish Club of Chicago.
Evening service, Peoples Church.
Three broadcasts: WLS; WCFL; WEBH-FM
8—Worked in Study.
9—Funeral.
10—Worked in Study.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
11—Board meeting, Trustees of Chicago Public Library.
12—Funeral.
13—Funeral.
Wedding.
14—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Address. Professional and Business Woman's Club.
Evening service. Peoples Church.
Three Broadcasts: WLS; WCFL; WEBH-FM.
15—Funeral.
Meeting, Award Committee, Friends of Literature. Eleanor Club.
16—Address, Portage Park Woman's Club.
Address. Brotherhood Meeting, Elgin B'nai Brith.
17—Address. Public meeting.
Masonic Temple, LaPorte, Ind.
Conference Luncheon. WBKB-TV.
18—Worked in Study.
Address. Purchasing Agents Assoc., Chicago Products Show, Annual Banquet, Morrison Hotel.
19—Funeral.
Wedding.
Address. Annual Banquet, First Meth. Church, Downers Grove, Ill.
20—Two Weddings.
Worked in Study.
21—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Evening, Annual Brotherhood Service, Peoples Church.
Three Broadcasts: WLS; WCFL; WEBH-FM.
22—Worked in Study.
Funeral.
Address. Aurora Junior Assoc. of Commerce Banquet, Aurora, Ill.
23—Address. Hamilton Park Woman's Club.
Left for New York, Caribbean Cruise.

WEDDINGS

Bridgitte Jannsen and Leonard Lucas
Janet Nelson and W. H. Goozley
Caroline Konkel and Henry Jensen
Louise Mills and Joseph E. Maybach
Mrs. Bertha J. Evans and Albert M. Levy
Roberta Rayson and Walter J. Smith
Patricia Thompson and Richard F. Miller
Florence Ramos and Harold McCoy
Ada Taylor and Theodore Schwinnen
Anna L. Roger and Morris Kinsler

FUNERALS

Mr. Raymond Nelson
Mrs. Anna Swanson
Mr. Robert McKean Laas
Mrs. Alice Magnusen
Mr. Raymond C. Kane
Mr. Alfred Zelder

CHRISTENINGS

John Martin Roberts, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Roberts

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Services (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church, Anderson Hall ..... 9:30 a.m.

Pre-school children ..... 10:00 a.m.

Religious Inquiry Session for adults, Anderson Hall ..... 10:00 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday. New members welcome ..... 9:30 a.m.

The Quest Group (married or single, 18 to 30 years). If interested, give name and address to church office, and you will receive notices of meetings.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults over 30). Secretary, Mabel Snively, BU 1-0416

Woman's Club: Tuesday, April 5th, Annual Election and Reports of Officers. Hostesses: Social Committee, Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.

Tuesday, April 19th, Annual Bazaar Planning Meeting. Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club: Sponsoring 2nd Annual Art Exhibit for Uptown Chicago, Sunday, April 3rd, Anderson Hall. Program, water-color demonstration by Edna Smith West, accompanied by "Sarge" West on the subject "Drip, Drizzle and Dream." Beautiful marine by Charles Vickery will be raffled. Refreshments. Donation, 50c ..... 3:00 to 6:00 p.m.

Sunday, April 24th, (Tea postponed from April 10th, on account of Palm Sunday.) Guest speaker, Rev. Virgil Kraft. His subject, "Russian Religion and the Future." Music by students of Madeline Jacobsen, of Mendelssohn Conservatory ..... 4:00 p.m.

The Men's Club: Tuesday, April 26th, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

Every Sunday

WLS, Broadcast of entire morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL, Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.

WEBH-FM-93.9, Broadcast of entire evening service ..... 7:00 p.m.

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Magikist Services are carrying two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. all during the season. This is the second season in which Magikist Services have thus supported the work of our church.

The latest report from radio station WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services are thus extending to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

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